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And sure as death (sad lesson though for kings)
Though late it evermore doth come we find.

That fool imperial, swaggering like a gander!

Of all the Russias' emperor...Alexander,
(Once our most "sage magnanimous ally!")

Behold him wasting all his ways and means,
Destroying mankind in absurd campaigns,
And not ev'n he can tell the reason why.

Say to him Noodle, stupid vain Tczar!

If you persist in carrying on this war,
Much may you lose, but nothing may you gain;

Mark well of all your *war-ing*, the upshot,
Mind Swede's new king...your neighbour
Bernadotte,

Not one of ALL THE RUSSIAS may remain

Show to this mad Tczar, that men were made,

For other purposes than being bled.

Show him a nation powerful, rich and great,

The people happy, generous, brave and free,

In one short reign, 'fallen from this high estate,"

Their commerce ruin'd——

Taxes oppressive, freedom much curtail'd,
And nought but poverty where wealth prevail'd;

This faithful picture plac'd full in his view,
Will show what damage *one weak King may do*.

Say to him let all former errors cease,

Withdraw your troops, let mankind live in peace;

Retrench, reform, look round, and mark the fate

Of ill-star'd monarchs who were once as great,

As you are now, but lost all by their fooling;

The times are dreadful, and wont bear misruling.

Were you not tired, we would cease to roam,

And take a bird's eye view of things at home.

But statemens' errors and European blunders,

Have in America produced wonders;

Which with affairs in Spain, and ought else new,
Shall in our next appear, meantime adieu.

CALDERONE.

Edentecullo, Dec. 26, 1810.

*Some Stanzas of the CASTLE of INDOL-
LENCE, said to be found among the papers of
THOMSON.*

HERE, in a gloomy grove, some little space,

From this fair castle, by a streamlet's side,

Where waving pines still sound a sullen base,

And water murmurs, as it down doth glide,

A goodly chapel there was edified.

Thither to wend, full many a sonne did use,

Them good man sexton, who doth there abide,

When in they entered been, eftsoons immews,

Silent, in very dark, and well y-cushioned pews.

Then chaplain sleek, up to his pulpit creeps,

A fat round body, and broad face he had,

(He many feasts, I wis, but few fasts keeps,)

Yet of his cheer, he seemed too solemn sad.

He was in sooth, a drowsy stupid lad,
The rewddest ass, our castle's crew among,

He pranked his band, and then the people bade

Praisn the lord, by singing holy song,
So clerk it raised high, now sing it all the throng.

When this had tuned them to sweet repose,

Sir Sanctity gan preche of...reprobation.

He spake of mystic grace, which straungely flows,

On wight unworthy of justification,
Much hath he talked, and of predestination;

Still he repeteth what he said afore,

And still he crieth out...regeneration;

And still he coughs, and spitteth on
the flore,
And every sentence hems, both after and
afore.

As in some wealthy yeoman's well-stored
yard,
Where fowl of every various kind a-
bound,
The gaudy peacock for his plumage
spar'd,
The valiant cock whose voice doth ear-
ly sound;
The careful hen with ducklings all a-
round,
The strutting turkey, and the meek-
eyed dove.
At even tide, perchance a flock is found,
Of simple geese, sound sleeping, while
above,
Waketh one cackling goose...thus slept we
in that grove.

The three following were written for old
Irish melodies. The first supposed to be
sung by the females after the event of an
unfortunate battle, dissuading their remain-
ing relatives from emigration. X.

FIRST.

ALAS, how sad, by Shannon's flood,
The blush of morning sun appears '...
To men who gave for us their blood,
Ah, what can women give but tears!

How still the field of battle lies!
No shouts upon the breezes blown!
We heard our dying countries' cries,
We sit, deserted and alone.

Why thus collected on the strand,
Whom yet the God of mercy saves?
Will ye forsake your native land?
Will ye desert your brothers' graves?

Their graves give forth a fearful groan,
"O guard our orphans and our wives,
Like us, make Erin's fate your own,
Like us, for her, yield up your lives!"

Why, why such haste to bear abroad,
The witness of your country's shame?
Stand by her altars, and her God,
He yet may build her up a name.

Then should her *foreign* children hear,
Of Erin free and blest once more,
Will they not curse their fathers' fear,
That left, too soon, their native shore?

SECOND.

If to a foreign clime I go,
What Henry feels will Emma know?

My heart in all its trembling strings,
So tuned to hers alone,
That every breeze, delighted brings,
From hers, a kindred tone;
And if to foreign clime he goes,
What Henry feels, his Emma knows.

Our hearts seem well-tuned harps that
show,
All that true lovers wish to know;
To every sorrow, every bliss,
An unison will swell;
If on thy lips one vagrant kiss,
My tortured strings will tell.
Such pang may Henry never know,
If to a foreign clime he go.

Emma will share my joy and woe,
If to a foreign clime I go;
Still shall I hear, though far we part,
The music of her mind;
And echoes soft from Emma's heart,
My wand'ring sense shall bind:
Listen...how plaintive, sad, and low,
When to a distant clime I go!

THIRD.

"There is a hopeless, bitter grief,
"Which oft the feeling heart must
prove,
"There is a pang that mocks relief,
" 'Tis deep, consuming, secret love."
No sigh is heard, nor seen a tear,
And strange to see a smile prevail,
But faint the smile, and insincere,
And o'er a face so deadly pale!
This fairy dream of life is o'er,
No visionary hope to save!
If heaven a mercy has in store,
O send her to an early grave.

(BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.)

WHILE sad suspense, and dull delay,
Bereave my wounded soul of rest;
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my lab'ring breast.
My heart, which ardent love consumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought,
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark, in wily meshes caught.
There, she, with unavailing strain,
Pours through the night her warbled
grief;
The gloom retires, but not her pain,
The dawn appears, but not relief.
Two younglings wait the parent bird,
Their thrilling sorrows to appease,
She comes...ah no, the sound they heard,
Was but a whisper of the breeze.